

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage), PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50. VOL. 28.....NO. 9,726

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Circulation Books and Press Room OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD

For the week ending Saturday, March 31, was as follows:

MONDAY.....	100,600
TUESDAY.....	106,500
WEDNESDAY.....	105,640
THURSDAY.....	102,800
FRIDAY.....	106,760
SATURDAY.....	106,880
Average for the Entire Month of March.....	106,291

The phenomenal success of THE EVENING WORLD in securing within less than six months, and holding steadily, an average circulation of 106,000 a day, has led to a great deal of loose bragging and unsubstantiated "claims" among its contemporaries. Shrewd advertisers note the fact, however, that THE WORLD is the only paper that throws open its books and press-room to a verification of its figures.

THE CASE CLOSED.

The death of JACOB SHARP puts an end to one of the strangest careers and most noted criminal cases in the history of this city.

His pursuit by justice, demanded by every consideration of good government while the briber lived, ceases with his death. "The grave buries every resentment"—except for ghoul.

And yet not even death nor sympathy with the sorrowing family should be permitted to blur moral distinctions, nor to make the corruption of public servants seem anything less than the dark and dangerous crime it is.

The SHARP case is closed, but it has not wholly failed to convey the needed warning.

BEARING FRUIT.

THE WORLD'S exposure of the Lobby at Albany is still bearing fruit.

Not only have the "promoters of legislation" been ruled off the floor of both houses—an important achievement in itself for the last weeks of the session, when their nefarious trade is most active—but the King of the Lobby, who was so cleverly trapped by Nelly Bly, has left the capital.

The Assembly seems disposed to order an investigation. To be effective, it should be had at once. Half the present members may not be returned.

MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

There is one result of the election in Rhode Island over which every poor man, and every true American, whether poor or rich, will rejoice.

The constitutional amendment abolishing the property qualification as a prerequisite for voting was adopted. Heretofore no foreign-born citizen could vote in this pocket borough of the rich manufacturers unless he owned at least \$134 worth of real estate.

Over 30,000 citizens, 8,000 of them naturalized, were shut out of participation in the Government by this undemocratic provision. Hereafter men and not money will vote in Rhode Island—and the result may be different.

DIME-PINCHING MONOPOLIES.

JAY GOULD must be badly in need of money. His Western Union employees were docked for absence during the blizzard, when it was impossible for many of them to get to their posts—partly through the failure of Mr. GOULD's elevated roads.

The employees of the latter, by the way, anticipate a docking for the same reason.

And yet the many-millionaire wonders why the public feeling is almost always against him in his fights, regardless of the merits of the case. A little generosity and public spirit go a great way in this world, and the "Little Wizard" is as deficient in both as a last year's turnip is in blood.

WITCH AND WIZARD.

Mrs. DISS DERBIL debarbs HERMANN from being her man in open competition in the black art.

The witch doesn't care to meet the wizard in a trial of skill in producing "spirit pictures." The necromancer offered to forfeit \$1,000 to a deserving charity if he did not duplicate every performance of the alleged medium, by means of his art as a professional juggler. Those who have seen his performance will not doubt his ability.

But the "humble and unworthy instrument" declines the test, on the old ground of "antagonistic influences." Humbug lives long—in the dark.

THE FLYING DOVE OF PEACE.

A richly frosted quivering, flying Dove. A Dream of Life screen created. An imported ideal. An imported frosted snow scene and a full set of magnificent floral cards. Fourteen artistic pieces. Sent to any one who will buy from a draughtsman of the genuine Dr. O. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS (price 25 cents) and mail as the outside wrapper from the box with 4 cents in stamps. Write four address plainly. FRANKLIN DRUG CO., PITTSBURGH, Pa.

DR. O. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are a sure cure for Sick Headache, Biliousness and Dyspepsia. They are specially adapted for ladies, and are absolutely safe. Prepared from the purest materials.

JOSEPH COOK, the following Boston Boomerang, will never know how much real news education he lost by declining the invitation

to join the "fun." What you needs is more "all-around" culture.

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Broker Henry Fitch always carries an umbrella, rain or shine.

David Carroll, the real-estate broker, always wears a silk hat.

Capt. Meakin, of the Mulberry street police, is very popular with his men.

Mrs. F. T. Low has charge of a booth at the big fair going on at the Second Battery Armory.

The Rev. Amos W. Lyford, of Cheshire, Conn., is spending a few days in town. He is a great admirer of THE EVENING WORLD.

TIPS FOR THE TABLE.

Pineapples are scarce at 40 and 50 cents each. Pears are very scarce and bring 75 cents a dozen. Valencia oranges are selling for 35 cents a dozen.

Strawberries are scarce, and 40 and 50 cents a quart is asked for them.

There is a large supply of maple sugar. It brings 30 cents a pound.

The supply of Florida oranges is scant. They bring from 60 cents to \$1 a dozen.

A small supply of white grapes bring 60 cents a pound. Catawbas sell for 35 cents.

FESTIVE STATEN ISLANDERS.

Harry R. Denyse, of Tompkinsville, practices Apache war dances.

James Sullivan, of New Brighton, has a habit of vanishing after each dance.

Charles Jacoby, of Clifton, never blooms as a wall flower at leap-year parties.

Joseph Coffey, of Clifton, can perform a Highland fling on either his hands or his feet.

Edward Eichenberg, of New Brighton, is glad Lent is over and he can dance again.

Bernard Murphy, of Tompkinsville, is often called upon to act as assistant floor manager.

Edward Paret, of Tompkinsville, invented several new figures for the German last winter.

James McCaffrey, of Stapleton, prefers a lively mazurka to a hope-cuckooing match any night.

James Brennan, of Stapleton, is satisfied if he has a railing to hold on to and a hard surface for juggling.

Rob Rodgers, of Stapleton, has not the slightest resemblance to a wooden man on wires when he gets going.

WORLDLINGS.

Mr. O. R. Bunce's successful little manual, "Don't," has reached its one hundred and fourth thousand, and has recently been translated into modern Greek.

Although Robert Bonner has owned the fastest horse in the country and is ever on the alert for new acquisitions, it is said that he rarely goes to witness a horse-race and never bets on one. He never drives a horse on Sunday and never permits one of his horses to be driven on that day.

May Emily Bird, a colored woman who died at Centerville, Tenn., recently, was for a long time a missionary in Liberia, Africa, once received and entertained the world-renowned explorer, Livingston, on one of his most notable exploring expeditions. She spoke fluently many of the native African languages.

The flat pieces of iron shaped like the letter S that are frequently seen on the walls of old brick buildings are said to be an ancient symbol of the sun. Their origin may be traced back to Asia, where they were in use in prehistoric times, and the same sign was once employed on the official seals of Sicily and the Isle of Man.

One of the most successful pieces of instrumental music composed in late years is the "Hacquet" galop, composed five years ago by Miss Kate Simmons, of Washington. More than two hundred thousand copies of the galop have been sold, and within eighteen months after its publication it brought its composer a check for \$5,000.

There are now four women on the rolls of the Union College of Law in Chicago, and many of the fair graduates of the institution have achieved success in expounding Blackstone. One of them, Jessie Broadwell Helmer, who was only recently admitted to the Chicago bar, has edited the last twelve volumes of Brodwell's Appellate Court reports.

Edward Blawett, who has just been elected President of the First National Bank, of Fremont, Neb., is regarded as a typical Nebraska by his fellow-citizens. At the age of thirteen he drove an ox team across the plains, barefoot and friendless; at eighteen he was \$10,000 in debt. He is now at the head of one of the largest horse ranches in the West and worth nearly \$1,000,000.

None of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's stories has been so successful as her "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which has paid her thousands of dollars in royalties. It still keeps up its popularity and is now near its eighth thousand in America, while many thousand copies of it have been sold in England. An Italian edition of the story has just been published in Rome, and a Berlin newspaper is publishing it serially.

The fact is pointed out that many of the most brilliant men and women in American literature are growing old and cannot hope for many more years of active work. Lowell is seventy, Parke Godwin seventy-two, Joel T. Headley, Washington's historian, is seventy-four; "Mrs. Partington" is seventy-five, while Francis Parkman, the historian; Dr. Holmes, Mr. Whittier, Dr. McGee, Theodore Woolsey, Margaret Preston, George Bancroft and many others are far advanced in life.

Dr. Baker, who falsely signed the death certificate, and Dr. Aitkin, who aided Bradford in his attendance upon the girl, were additional prisoners, and Frederick Lay, a recent graduate of Bellevue and a junior physician in that institution, the man who accompanied Bradford on the fatal carriage ride, was rudely torn from his high position and was made also to feel the terrors of an offended lady. But the end was not yet. There was one more person for whom the drag-net was set, and justice would not be appeased until he was drawn in.

THE FRIEND AND BETRAYED.

William Blinn was one of the popular clerks of the Hotel Brunswick, whose suave manner and genteel appearance had won for him the esteem and respect of both employers and guests. He had been the almost constant escort of Vicky Connors in her days of pleasure, and with young Lay shared the responsibility for her destruction. It was a crushing blow that could not be averted, and with his arrest Inspector Murray felt that his great detective work was accomplished and the law up to that time fully vindicated. He slept soundly the rest of that night, for his months of weary travail had brought forth a harvest of good results—the murdered beauty was avenged and a hidden crime revealed.

It was discovered that Bradford had engaged the undertaker and paid all his charges by instalments, and the better to secure immunity from detection, had taken advantage of Vicky Connors' mother's desolation and poverty by inducing her to become housekeeper in the place where Georgina

Shire, Ella, Brighton and Vicky Connors met their death.

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The editor made no reply, but reached under his coat and produced a 4-calibre Derringer, with a double air-trigger, and balanced it cleverly over the hollow of his left elbow.

"Is your'n loaded?" asked the visitor.

"For keeps," was the laconic answer.

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Mr. Rockyheart—Sit straight, and as close to me as you can, Rivra! I believe the old man is going to shoot!

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Hotel Proprietor—Well send the refreshments up, sir, by the dumb waiter.

Guest—All right, and let me tell you if he isn't here within fifteen minutes he will wish he was dead as well as dumb.

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